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Souvenir d'Insbrouck. Tyrolienne pour piano, par F. Bendel.

A graceful and characteristic Tyrolienne. The melody is flowing and tender, and is written with the elegance and freedom of an experienced hand. It will be a favorite salon piece.

Sunshine. Polka Mazourka, for piano, composed by S. J. Levy.

Very easy. The second part is quite a pretty subject. It is dedicated to Miss Maria Solomon.

Bright Sunny Days. By Alvin P. Hovey. Arranged by F. Kirken. Translation by José Arnaldo Marquez.

The melody is quite pretty. The arrangement is poor. It should have been written in 6-8, which would have accommodated the Ah's! with propriety, or, with the present measure, the second Ah! which now is out of rhythm, should follow the course adopted for the first Ah! It is dedicated to "Essie."

Sounds from Panama. Birthday Polka, by Annie Burchard.

An unpretentious and pleasing Polka. It is good both in sentiment and character.

FOURTH SOIREE OF THE ARION VOCAL SOCIETY.

The Arion Vocal Society gave their fourth soiree at Terrace Garden, last Saturday evening. Although the evening was fine, the attendance was hardly as large as we expected, but we willingly accepted the quality in place of the quantity. The soiree was under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann, and presented the following selections:—

1. Grand March, "Coronation"—Meyerbeer.
2. Overture, "Martha"—Flotow.
3. Barcarola, "Astorga," (by general request)—Albert—Arion and Orchestra.
4. Grand Selection, "Huguenottes"—Meyerbeer.
5. Botschaft—Müller—Arion and Orchestra.
6. Romanza, "Tannhauser"—Wagner—Solo for Cornet à Piston and Trombone, Messrs. Dietz and Heinecke.
7. Grand Chorus, "Rienzi"—Wagner—Tenor Solo, Mr. Candidus, Arion and Orchestra.
8. Grand March—Strauss.

The orchestral performances were unexceptionable. Each piece was played with spirit and decision, and with all that nicety of effect, which distinguishes the leading of Mr. Bergmann. The "Tannhauser" solo for Cornet à Piston and Trombone, was splendidly played by Messrs. Dietz and Heinecke.

The vocal pieces by the Arion, were carefully and artistically rendered. The Barcarola was specially excellent, great care being taken to produce delicate coloring. The Grand Chorus from Wagner's "Rienzi," with Tenor Solo by Mr. Candidus, was finely sung and was very effective. Mr. Candidus has a

very sweet and sympathetic voice, and sings tastefully and expressively.

After this excellent concert, dancing commenced in the large hall, and was kept up with great spirit by the members and friends of this eminently social and friendly society.

ART MATTERS.

I have had the gratification during the week just past of seeing three thoroughly good pictures—"A Scene near Gettysburg," by Eastman Johnson; "John Brown led to Execution," by T. S. Noble; and "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Jerome Thompson.

Mr. Johnson's picture is a painted story of one of those many touching hospital incidents which occurred during the late unhappy war. A poor fever-racked boy has been brought out from the tent hospital to enjoy the sunlight and the cooling breeze; stretched upon his mattress, the sun playing over him, the old happy smile has come back in his weary face. By his side sits a fair girl, who, pen in hand, is writing the letter he is dictating to the loved ones at home; in the distance we see the sentinel pacing with measured tread; while throughout the whole landscape there is a truly southern luxuriance of foliage and sunshine. In the treatment of subjects of this class, Mr. Johnson is always remarkably happy—there would appear to be an undercurrent of home-like poetry in his nature which leads him to paint these quieter and more pathetic incidents of the war—a feeling that has led him to paint "The Drummer Boy," "The Pension Agent," and last, but not least, this "Scene near Gettysburg." Aside from its merits of poetry and sentiment, the technical merits of the picture are of no mean order—the sick boy, the patient nurse, the landscape, and the general feeling of sunniness are excellent, while the shimmering light breaking through the leaves, and falling upon the invalid's couch, is nature itself. The public will probably have a chance to see this little gem at the coming Fall exhibition of the National Academy.

In "Margaret Garner," Mr. Noble shadowed forth for himself a brilliant future; if I mistake not, this promise bids fair to be realized. In his picture of "John Brown led to Execution," Mr. Noble displays a higher finish, a truer appreciation of nature, and a more thorough knowledge of the value and quality of color than has been seen in any of his former efforts. "Margaret Garner" was strong, powerful, dramatic, but lacked finish—the present work is equally strong, equally dramatic, and possesses that delicacy of manifestation which in the other was wanting. The moment of action taken is when John Brown, being led forth to execution, is stopped by a negro woman in the crowd, who, on bended knee, imploras his

blessing upon her child; the old hero, so says the historian, stooped down and kissed the little piccaninny, then passed on to the scaffold. John Brown is of course the principal figure and central object of interest in the picture; a grand, noble figure it is too, full of character, intensity and expression. In the foreground we have the negro mother, rich in her wealth of African bedizenment. To the right, a crowd of unsympathetic spectators; but one face alone expressing the slightest sympathy for the unfortunate old man, a young girl who gazes half tearfully, half curiously upon him. To the left, we have but one figure, that of an old woman, in whose face are depicted rage, hate, and bitter resentment; probably she is the bereaved mother of some young hero who has been killed during the raid. Directly behind John Brown, and filing out of the prison door, we have a group of soldiers, attired in the picturesque continental uniform; a rough, hardy looking set of fellows, headed by an officer whose face is wonderfully southern in character and expression, a mixture of chivalry and indolence. Over all towers the sombre walls of the prison.

All these figures and incidents Mr. Noble has treated with a master hand; in no part of the picture is there any approach to pettiness—the whole thing is broad, grand, impressive. In his management of lines, color, and light and shade, Mr. Noble has been remarkably successful; in no part is it possible to point to an unpleasant line or obtrusive piece of color; the whole picture is characterized by harmony and grace, and reflects great credit upon its gifted author.

Jerome Thompson's "Old Oaken Bucket" is one of those genuine, homely bits of nature in which even the veriest cockney would delight. Here we have

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew—
The wide spreading pond, and the well that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataraet fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well."

Yes, here they all are, and one seems to sniff the fresh country air, and longs to stretch himself beneath the shady branches of those old apple trees we see just peeping over the moss-covered roof of the old homestead. Probably a more thoroughly genuine picture of a country farm house has never been painted than this we have here; you seem to recognize it as an old friend, and you have seen hundreds of just such cosy little spots in your country rambles, and almost look for Aunt Matilda or blushing little Harriet to be standing in the doorway. There is a subtle charm in pictures of this class; somehow or other they appear to touch chords of the heart that give forth sweet music of other days—days of happiness and innocence.

Mr. Thompson's picture, when finished, is to be either engraved or chromo-lithographed.

I wish to make an apology to the readers of the ART JOURNAL for the *Art Matters* of last week. Owing to severe illness I was prevented from correcting the proof myself, and many absurd errors crept into the article; therefore all misspelling of names, ridiculous expressions, ("*space and effort*," for instance, instead of "*space and effect*") and general slaughter of Her Gracious Majesty's English, must be looked upon as faults of the type and not of the writer.

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The Fall season at the theatres has fairly begun. The ball is opened, and small, large, and middling sized shot are beginning to fly in all directions. The managers have bestirred themselves to good effect during the Summer holidays, and, having dressed their theatrical viands with consummate skill, present to us a Sybarite repast of dramatic game.

First, as oysters, ("*filling at the price*," but well calculated to sharpen the appetite) comes Edwin Forrest; who made his first appearance at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening in "*Virginus*." During the week he has also appeared in "*Othello*" and "*Richelieu*." It is too late in the day to say anything new of Mr. Forrest's acting; by his undoubted talent and genius he has earned for himself a prominent position among American actors. That there are faults in his acting no one will deny, but it would be hard to point to a living actor who so successfully embodies the more powerful characters of the tragic drama. His present engagement promises to be one of his most successful; the house is crowded nightly by enthusiastic audiences, and the great tragedian seems to be playing with all his accustomed fire, energy, and power.

As soup, comes Jefferson; who makes his bow as "*Rip Van Winkle*" at the Olympic on Monday evening of next week. It is difficult to decide under what species of soup to class our great comedian—beef is too heavy, tomato too light—turtle, that's it—rich, pungent, genial; warming the cockles of our hearts by its racy piquancy. The management of the Olympic has changed hands; Mr. Grover retiring in favor of Mr. Jas. E. Hayes, well known as a scene painter of great talent. Mr. C. W. Tayleure is the competent acting manager and Mr. G. L. Fox, of Bowery fame, the stage manager. Among the company are Messrs. Davidge, Marlow, Hind, Fox, Misses Bessie Foote, a new importation from London, Bella Wallace, and the clever and talented soubrette, Alice Harrison. Of a verity the soup will be enjoyable.

As fish, we have "*Under the Gaslight*" at the New York Theatre—a very little of which goes a very great way.

As game, we have Wallack's. A sturdy woodcock over which we smack our lips in anticipation of the rich gravy of the old comedies, or the piquant meat of London novelities. The first production will probably be the last London success, "*The Great City*."

As the *plat de resistance* we now have Mrs. Lander and are to have Ristori—grand, statuesque, substantial. Our appetites may have palled after the preceding delicacies; but who can resist the tempting allurements, the savory odor of this, the culmination?

Then, as dessert, we have the new Fifth Avenue Theatre, where farces, vaudevilles, and burlesques will be deftly served up to us by the hands of Mr. Leffingwell, Mrs. Sedley Brown and the entire company. This establishment was opened on Monday evening of this week; the inaugural performance comprising "*Cinderella*" and "*Too Much for Good Nature*," in both of which pieces the company showed to good advantage.

To wash down the repast we will have the sparkling light wine of buffo opera at the French Theatre and the generous warmth of the sherry and madeira of Italian opera at the Academy; to say nothing of the sober porter of sacred concert and the pale ale of gushing concert room debutants.

The gong has sounded! Dinner is served! Public, critics be seated—your hosts have supplied a plentiful feast, eat and be happy.

"And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
And life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink."

And the public eat, laugh, grow fat, and be merry. SHUGGE.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.—We call the attention of our readers to the announcement of Mr. A. W. Hawthorn. He will receive pupils on and after Monday, September 16th, at his residence, No. 2 Union Square, or at their residences. Mr. Hawthorn is a pianist of distinction, his style is pure and elegant, and as a teacher he is entirely conscientious. His system is thorough, and cannot fail to ensure rapid progress not only in the technical, but in the theoretical department. Mr. Hawthorn's piano compositions are also becoming widely known.

We can recommend Mr. Hawthorn very warmly to those who desire thorough instruction.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY is coming to this country. He sailed, according to the English papers, on the 24th ult, by the Persia. This gentleman will add another star to the English literary constellation that will make America their orbit the coming season. Mr. Sketchley is poet, composer, dramatist and lecturer.

PUCK RIDING ON A GRASSHOPPER.

It has been suggested by many influential gentlemen that Mr. Kuntze's fanciful and beautiful design of "*Puck riding on a Grasshopper*," should be executed in bronze, and placed in the children's playground in Central Park. We understand that the Park Commissioners have already given their permission.

The idea is a happy one, and will, we are sure, give general satisfaction. The cost of the work in bronze will be \$3,500, which sum it is proposed to raise by subscription. Considering the object, we think there will be no difficulty in raising that amount. Subscriptions can be sent G. P. Putnam & Son, Art Gallery, 661 Broadway.

We acknowledge the receipt of an excellent Photograph of this interesting work of art.

THE NEW SPECTACLE, "THE DEVIL'S AUCTION," AT BANVARD'S OPERA HOUSE.

The presentation of the above gorgeous piece will introduce to the American public Mdle. Guiseppina Morlacchi as the particular star among the many others engaged by Manager De Pol, during his recent trip to Europe.

Mdlle. Morlacchi, of whom we hear so many brilliant accounts, has just concluded a most triumphant season at the Grand Theatre, Vienna, where, on the occasion of her benefit, she was presented with a magnificent crown of gold.

Judging from the critiques which we have seen in the continental papers of France, England, Italy and Prussia, New York is about to witness a proficient in the terpsichorean art that will rival even the peerless Fanny Ellsler.

Our new empresario, M. De Pol, has determined to inaugurate his managerial career in New York with the same *eclat* that has attended all his efforts in the principal European capitals, from whence he comes among us endorsed in the strongest manner by the principal and leading journals of London, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Turin, Venice and Berlin, all of which cities he has recently ransacked for novelties not only of first class artistes, but for the best and most novel effects in the scenic art, combined with all accessories of modern mechanical contrivances.

Among the numerous engagements made by Manager De Pol, of course always naming first, as the bright particular star, Mdle. Morlacchi, the following artists of merit, any one of whom, from the reputation preceding them, will, we think, successfully compete with any dansesuses now on the American stage. We may mention: